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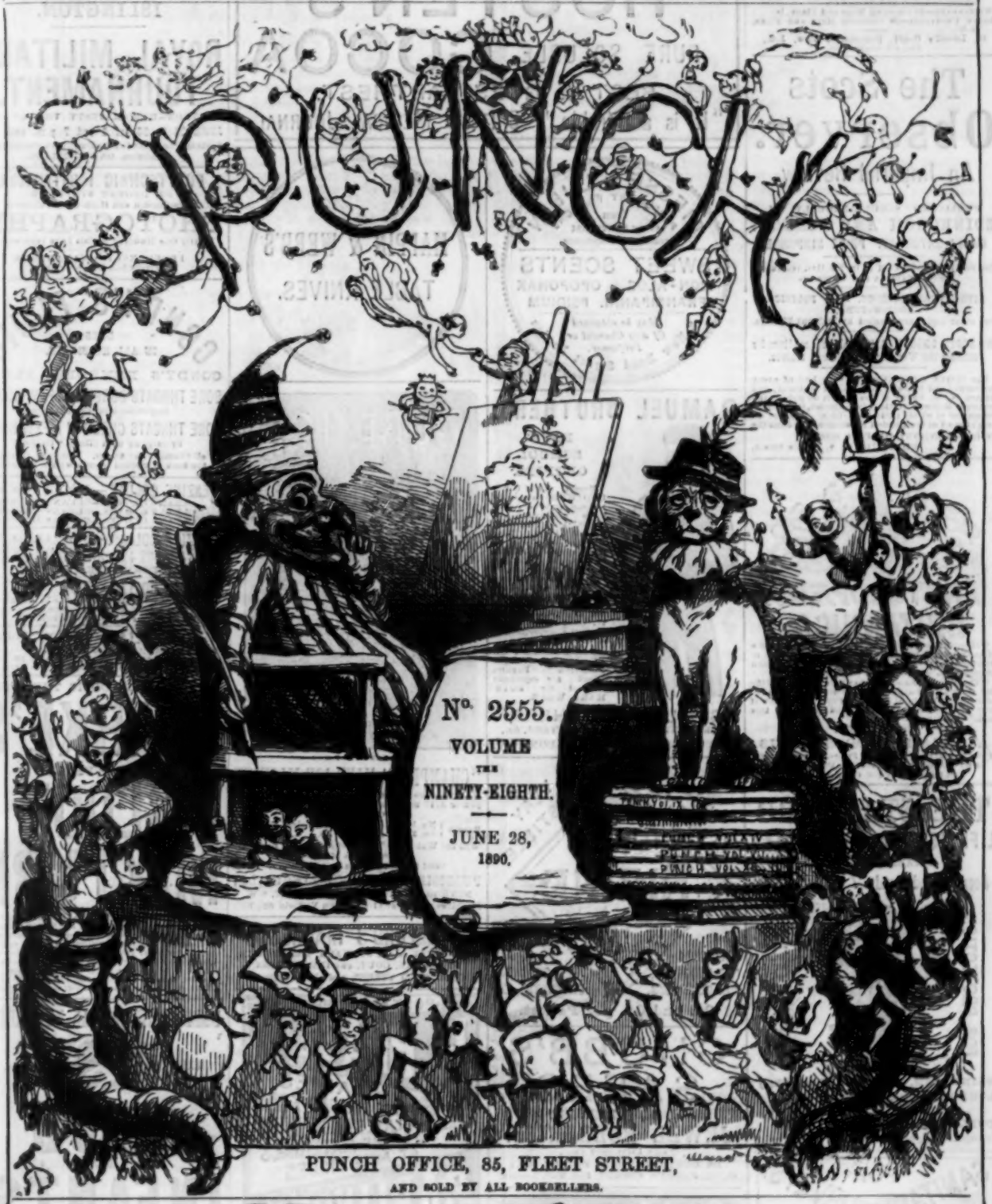

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NO. XIV.—THE LADY FROM CLOUDLAND.

AT intervals of a few years the torpor of London Society is stirred by the carefully disseminated intelligence that a new planet has begun to twinkle in the firmament of fashion, and the telescopes of all those who are in search of novelty are immediately directed to the spot. Partially dropping metaphor, it may be stated that a hitherto unknown lady emerges, like the planet, from a cloud under which, as the envious afterwards declare, the greater part of her previous existence has been spent. But Society, under the influence of boredom, is tolerant of new sensations and of those who seek to provide them. Those who guard its portals are, in these latter days, bidden not to be over-curious in the inquiries they make of applicants for admission, and eventually it may come to pass that the approaches and avenues are opened as readily to one who comes trailing clouds of obscurity, as to her who shines with the steady lustre of acknowledged position.

The Lady from Cloudland soars into the ken of fashion in various places. Very often she is found for the first time in the little mock temple which pious worshippers at the shrine of rank build for themselves on the Riviera. They have their ceremonial closely copied from the London model. They dance, they receive, they organise bazaars. They launch out into tea-parties, and grow warm over the discussion of scandals. They elect unto themselves leaders, and bow their foreheads to the dust before the golden splendour of an occasional scion of Royalty; in short, they cling as closely as foreign skies and foreign associations permit to the observances which have made English Society pre-eminent in its own respect, and in the good-natured ridicule of less-favoured nations. But since the majority of them have come in search of health, they cannot despise or reject one who qualifies for consideration and interest by suffering, and who, to the piquancy of an unknown origin, adds the high recommendation of good looks—which are not too good—of a cheerful temper, and an easy tact, which can only come of much knowledge of many worlds. Such a one is the Lady from Cloudland. Many are the questions asked about her, and even more various are the answers given. "My dear," one lady will say to another, at the house of a common friend, where the Lady from Cloudland has become the centre of a throng of admirers, "I hear, on the very best authority, that her mother used to sell flowers in the City, and that she herself was for some years a Circus Rider in America. Whenever I meet her I feel a dreadful inclination to say *Houp-là!*, instead of, How do you do?" To which her friend will reply that she, on her side, has been informed that the lady in question was formerly attached to the conjugal tribe of an Indian Rajah, and was rescued by a Russian, whom she shortly afterwards poisoned. They will then both invite her to their next entertainments, asking her by no means to forget those delightful Burmese love-ditties which only she can sing as they ought to be sung.

The Lady from Cloudland, however, does not limit her ambition to the hybrid Society of the South of France. She intends to make for herself a position in London, the Mecca of the aspirant, and she proposes to use those who thus console themselves with spitefulness as stepping-stones for the attainment of her object. At the beginning of the following London Season Society will learn, by means of the usual paragraphs, that "Mrs. So-and-So, whose afternoon party last year in honour of Prince —— was one of the most brilliant successes of a brilliant Riviera Season, has taken the house in May Fair, formerly occupied by Lord CLANRACKET." The reiteration of this news in many journals will set tongues wagging in London. Again the same questions will be asked, and different answers will be returned. In due course she arrives, she receives and is received, and she conquers. Henceforward her parties become one of the features of the Season. In rooms arranged tastefully in an Oriental style, with curtains, hangings, delicately worked embroideries, woven mats of charming design and tropical plants, she welcomes the throng who come at her invitation. She moves by degrees. Contenting herself at first with a small *chargé d'affaires* or a Corean plenipotentiary, she soon rises to a fully fledged Ambassador and a bevy of secretaries and *attachés*. Her triumph culminates when she secures a deposed monarch and his consort. She is clever, and knows well that those whom she seeks to entice will overlook their own ignorance with regard to her if only they can be certain of being amused and interested in her house. She, therefore, contrives, without transgressing the higher *convenances*, to banish all ceremonial stiffness from her parties, and to import in its place an atmosphere of cheerful gaiety and musical refinement. For, whatever she may have once been, there can be no doubt that when London makes her acquaintance she possesses, not only charming manners, but innumerable accomplishments which are as salt to the jaded palate of Society people. Thus she progresses from season to season, and from success to success.

In her second year she becomes a favoured guest in many country houses, where an effort is made to relieve the tedium of daily shooting parties by nightly frivolities. Soon afterwards she is presented at Court, and becomes herself a patroness to many foreigners who desire by the exercise of their talents to make a precarious living in England. By these she is considered to be one of the suns from which the great world draws its light and warmth. In her third Season she is sufficiently secure to introduce into Society her daughter, aged eighteen, who has hitherto (so she will inform her friends) been receiving a good education abroad. Accompanied by "my little girl," she may be seen, on fine afternoons, reclining in her spick and span Victoria, in the midst of the crowd in the Ladies' Mile. She is thus hedged round with a respectability which not even indiscreet inquiries after her late husband (for it is understood that he died and left her in comfort many years before) can disturb. She permits herself occasionally, it is true, to join *chic* parties at fashionable restaurants, but these, since they are often under titled patronage, can scarcely be considered serious lapses from propriety. After having herself presented her daughter at Court, and having given (in London) a party which was attended by Royalty, she is beyond the reach of cavil or reproach. Here and there a jealous and disappointed social rival may still mutter dark hints about ancient vagaries, and meaning looks may still be exchanged by male and female gossips, but for the great mass of those who frequent Society she is as irreproachable as though her ancestry for twenty generations had been set down in the pages of *Burke* or *Debrett*. Eventually she marries her daughter to the younger son of an Earl, and having made of the marriage festivities *the* great social function of the Season, she herself soon afterwards retires to some extent from the business of Society, and devotes herself chiefly to the cultivation of simple pleasures and hot-house flowers in a luxurious retreat on the banks of the Thames.

MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

SOCIAL.

"*Haven't missed a word you said;*" *i.e.*, "Gracious! where was she?"

"*Not exactly pretty, perhaps, but so nice;*" *i.e.*, "As pappy in character as she is plain in face."

RAILROAD AMENITIES.

"*No, thanks; reading in a railway carriage always tries my poor eyes so;*" *i.e.*, "I've better occupation for them just now."

"*Pardon my drawing the blind; the glare in a railway carriage always makes my head ache;*" *i.e.*, "Shows up my wrinkles and moustache-dye."

THEATRICAL.

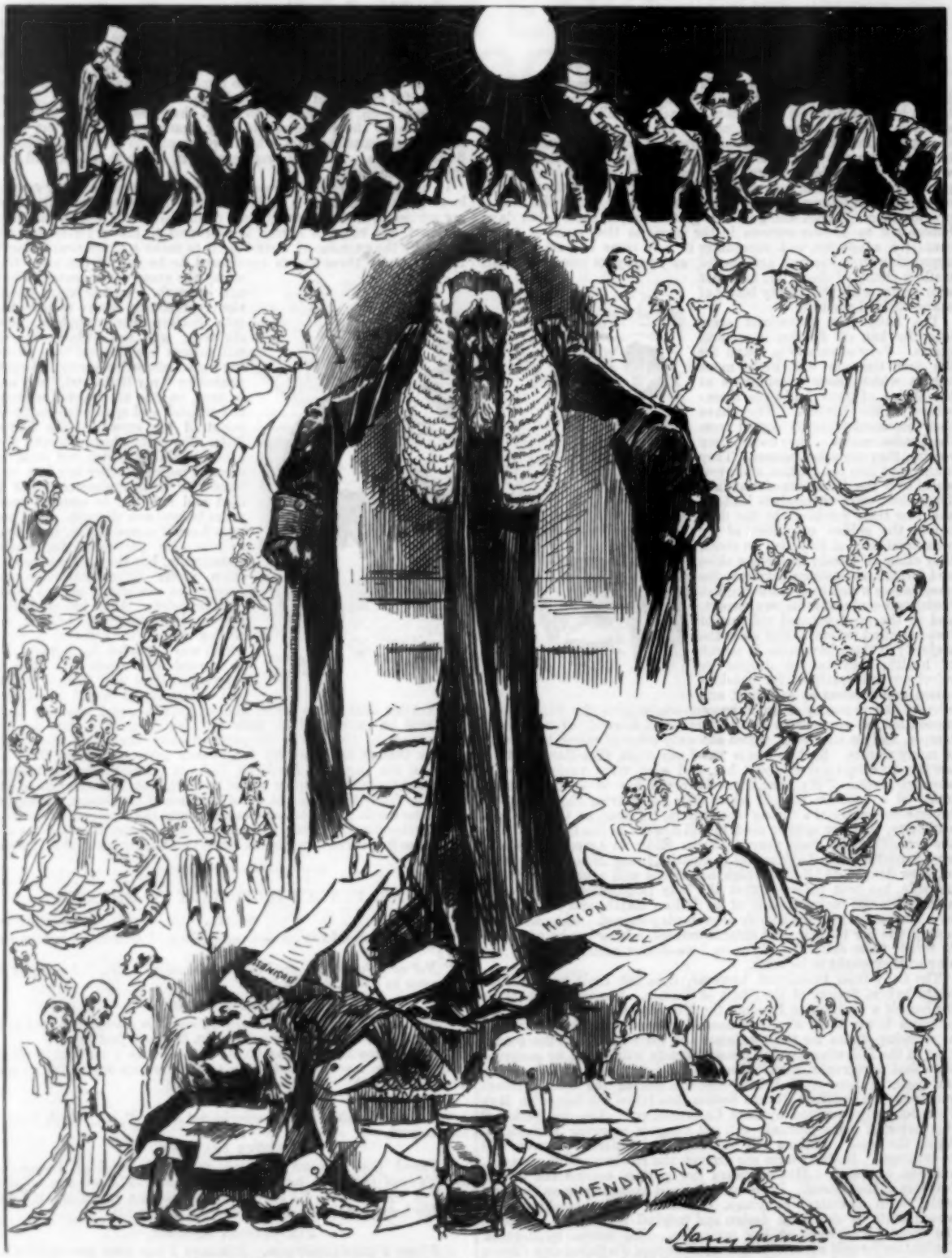
"*She is an intelligent and experienced artist;*" *i.e.*, Much too old for the part.

EFFUSIVE FLATTERY.

"*Thank you so much for your dear little Book of Poems. I haven't read them yet, but next time we meet I'll tell you what I think of them;*" *i.e.*, "I hereby make a solemn resolution, if I can possibly help it, never to meet you again in this life."

PERFUNCTORY APOLOGY.

"*I hope I didn't hurt you. I'm sure I beg your pardon;*" *i.e.*, "Stupid fool! Serves you right for sticking out your feet, and tripping up everybody who happens to stumble on to them."



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DIANA AT DINNER.

[On the first page of the prospectus of the recently-established "Dorothy" Restaurant it is stated that it is for "Ladies only." On the last page will be found the following modification:—"At the request of many of the Lady customers, it has been decided to open the Restaurant from 6·30 P.M. to 10 P.M. to both Ladies and Gentlemen."]

THERE was started in London, I mustn't say where,
And, beyond saying lately, I mustn't say when,
A sweet Restaurant, where the sex that is fair
Might attend undisturbed by the presence of men.

"We are forced to endure you in Park and in Row,
We must bear you unwilling in hansom or 'bus;
But if any stray *here*, they shall meet with a No,—
So attempt not the haunt that is sacred to Us.

"Be warned, O intruder, nor venture to lag
When the nymphs of Diana the huntress draw nigh.
Fly, fly from their presence as fleet as a stag,
Lest you meet with the fate of Actæon, and die."

Thus the Ladies addressed us; the tables were set,
The silver was polished, the viands displayed.
And, like doves in a dove-cote, the customers met,
In a plumage of silks and of muslins arrayed.

"This is sweet!" said AMANDA. "Delightful!" said JANE.
While the rest in a chorus of "Charming!" combined.
And, declaring they cared not if dishes were plain,
So the men remained absent, they solemnly dined.

And they toyed with their *entrées*, and sipped their Clicquot,
And their smiles were as sweet as the wine that they drank.
But at last came a whisper—"Oh dear, this is slow!"
"Hush, hush!" said the others. "How dreadfully frank!

"Not slow; but there 's something—I scarcely know what,
An absence, a dulness I cannot define.
It may be the soup, which was not very hot,
Or the roast, or the waiting, the ice, or the wine.

"But I 'm sure there 's a something." And so they agreed,
And they formed a Committee to talk of the case.
And a programme was issued for all men to read,
Bidding men (on page one) to abstain from the place.

But, since it is harder to ban than to bless, [the men."
"For their own sakes," they said, "we will humour
If you turn to the last page, you 'll find this P.S.:—
"Men allowed, by desire, from 6·30 to 10."

TRUE NOSTALGIA.

"ULLO! DUBOIS? YOU IN LONDON?"

"OUI, MON AMI. JE SUIS ARRIVÉ DE PARIS CE MATIN, ET J'Y RETOURNE CE SOIR PAR LE CLUB-TRAIN!"

"IS THIS THE FIRST TIME YOU 'VE COME TO LONDON?"

"NON, MON AMI. MAIS C'EST LA PREMIÈRE FOIS QUE J'Y RESTE AUSSI LONGTEMPS!"

WEEK BY WEEK.

IN the course of last week it was universally remarked that the *beau monde* betook itself by the usual methods of conveyance to Ascot. A very smartly-appointed coach, horsed entirely by blue-black hippogriffs, attracted much attention. The lunches were of more than ordinary magnificence, and it was calculated that, during the week, no less than 5,624,907 bottles of champagne were consumed. The pigeon-pies were, as usual, composed mostly of beef.

One charming toilette was the cynosure of neighbouring eyes in the Enclosure. It was constructed of four gold *galons*, tastefully distributed on a blue silk ground intended to represent the Lake of Geneva. This was fringed with *passementerie* of the most ancient design, and picked out with minute red spots arranged in geometrical figures. The bonnet was composed of a single scrap of antique lace folded over a threepenny bit.

H.R.H. the Grand Duke of KATZENJAMMER, who is making a stay of several weeks in the Metropolis, in order that he may study free institutions on the spot, has been, we are informed, busily engaged in writing and answering letters during the past three days.

An interesting story, of which His Royal Highness is the hero, is going the round of the Clubs. It appears that on his arrival at the hotel in which he has established himself with his suite, the Grand Duke, whose absence of mind is well known, forgot to remunerate the cabman who had driven him. This individual, however, with the rudeness which is still, we regret to say, characteristic of the lower orders of our fellow countrymen, made repeated applications for his money, and eventually threatened to call in a policeman or to take out a summons. On this becoming known to the Grand Duke, he at once gave orders that the cabman should be ushered into his presence, and, after presenting him with a paper gulden, invested him then and there with the order of the Golden Ball, at the same time exclaiming that honesty and perseverance in humble life were always worthy of commendation. The cabman is said to have been much moved. In these democratic days, such instances of princely condescension are not without value.

We are requested by the Earl of C-V-NTR-Y to state that he is sick to death of the whole business, and has eliminated the word "enclosure" from every dictionary he has been able to lay his hands on. He had intended at first to admit nobody, but was overruled, and he cannot, therefore, hold himself responsible for the presence of various people who seemed to think that they ought to be treated like unseasonable strawberries, first forced, then exhibited, and then swallowed.

An amusing incident is reported from the remote frontier village of Pusterwitz in Moldavia. A cobbler who had manufactured the boots of the Burgomaster ventured to submit his bill for payment. The populace, infuriated by this insult to their beloved Magistrate, after binding the offender in calf at the local publishing office, proceeded to slice him into small pieces with their *schneide-messers* (the native knife), to the immense delight of a crowd of peasants from the surrounding districts. The Burgomaster was much touched by this proof of popular devotion.

GOING TOO FAST.—M. ALEXANDRE JACQUES, who is announced as "a rival to SUCCI," is at this moment dispensing with food at the Royal Aquarium. He intends carrying out this self-denying programme for two days beyond a couple of score—possibly as a proof of his fortitude or (as a Cockney would pronounce the word) "forty-two'd." The last time this talented person dispensed with sustenance, was in Edinburgh, when he did not partake of any meal in the Douglas Hotel for thirty days—a feat, one would think, that must have been more interesting to the Medical Profession than the proprietor of the hostelry. However, as M. JACQUES fought for his country in 1870-71, he should be a most pleasant guest for the next six weeks or so to dinner-givers with a taste for economy.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 16.—"This is something like old times," said TIM HEALY, briskly rubbing his hands. "Poor JOSEPH GILLIS! pity he didn't live to see this night."

Very like old times, indeed. Seventy questions on the paper, increased fourfold by others put arising out of the answer. Practice is for Irish Members to put question; Prince ARTHUR reads answer from manuscript supplied from Irish Office; then uprise in succession half-a-dozen other Irish Members, each asking fresh question. Prince ARTHUR with one leg crossed over other and hand to chin sits looking and listening; presently when there is lull, lounges up to table and makes answer. FERGUSSON looks on in wonder. "What would become of me," he said, "supposing after I had read out my cut-and-dried answer, half-a-dozen fellows sprang on my back, and with fists in my face demanded reply to quite new question. I'm afraid I'd be lost."

At Bay.

That exceedingly probable. FERGUSSON's floundering when momentarily adrift from sheet-anchor of his written reply decidedly painful. Prince ARTHUR saunters up to very mouth of guns of battery opened on him from Irish camp; looks straight down them; fires his shot; and saunters back; often a nasty shot, too; plumps in middle of camp and sets them all a roaring. This takes place every night. To-night lasted an hour. Once threatened repetition of scenes of decade after '74. Would have so happened but for tact and presence of mind of SPEAKER; cool and collected amid the clash of arms and roar of constant cannonading. JOHN DILLON standing with folded arms and flashing eyes, "Like NAPOLEON when he couldn't cross the Alps," said NICHOLAS WOOD, looking on from a safe distance.

The SPEAKER also on his feet with stern cry of "Order! Order!" Long JOHN O'CONNOR sitting on Bench below, darting straight up and down, with swift regular movement, for all the world like the piston of a steam-engine. Ministerialists bellowing in continuous roar at JOHN DILLON, still on his feet; uprises JOHN O'CONNOR with intent to offer observation; roar redoubled; reaches demoniac proportions; JOHN O'CONNOR plops down again; noise partially subsides; suddenly the piston discovered bolt upright; another roar; down it goes; all the while the SPEAKER crying aloud for "Order!" and JOHN DILLON standing with fiercer frown and arms more tightly folded.

"What was it NAPOLEON said when he couldn't cross the Alps?" NICHOLAS whispered, tremulously. "'If the Alps won't come to MAHOMET, MAHOMET must go to the Alps.' No, I don't think it was quite that; but was something to that effect; and I'm sure something will happen if DILLON doesn't sit down."

Just when matters reaching crisis, DILLON gave way; the piston on the bench below simultaneously ceased its action; and the SPEAKER, in quiet, grave tones, that had immediately soothing effect, suggested that, if any more information was required, it should be sought in the usual way, by Questions placed on the Paper. JOHNSTON o' Ballykilbeg, who had overheard GILL incidentally allude to Prince ARTHUR as prone to untruth, wanted the SPEAKER to take notice of irregularity. But SPEAKER judiciously deaf. As for JOHN O'CONNOR, glad of a little rest.

"All I wanted, TOBY," he explained, "was to hurl the word 'Crime' in BALFOUR's teeth."

"Exactly," I said; "nothing more natural or desirable. But you should tone down the tendency towards the steam-engine-piston action, for which, I do not deny, you possess some natural advantages."

Business done.—In Committee on Compensation Bill.

Tuesday.—"What's this I hear about Heligoland?" says NICHOLAS WOOD. Hardly knew him; so changed. A dull, heavy look faded over his usually mobile countenance; his svelte figure puffed out, and bent. "Only fortnight ago, SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE proposed to give up Heligoland; barter it for a case of German Sausages, says he. FERGUSSON very properly angry; me and other good Tories protested against this new Separatist policy. Couldn't find Heligoland on the map."

"Ha!" I say, "but Germany has found it, and taken it, and the MARKISS is willin'."

"Very odd," says NICHOLAS; "can't make it out; like a thing out of a play; never go to a play, you know, but understand this sort of thing is somehow done: first you see it, then you don't; Heligoland British territory; to be sacrificed only with last drop of blood; Radical Separatists rapped on knuckles for suggesting handing over; then we wake up, and find it's been handed over, and by the MARKISS! Tell you what it is, TOBY, think I shall cut this business; not brought up to politics; find them a little weakening."

OLD MORALITY announced programme for remainder of Session. In bulk something exceeding ordinary programme when brought in in February. Now it is the so-called June; every prospect of sitting till October; House groans and growls; terrible charges flying round; WINTERBOTHAM darkly accuses Cabinet Minister of keeping a public-house. HICKS-BEACH admits soft impeachment, but pleads it's "only a little one, brings me in only £20 a-year rent." "Miserable!" says NEWNES, who owns *Tit Bits*.

The Ladies' Man.

General feeling of sympathy with BEACH. WINTERBOTHAM apologises; if he'd known it was only £20 wouldn't have said anything. OLD MORALITY, in his kind way, presses BEACH's hand; has troubles of his own to bear; but a man who owns a public-house and draws only £20 a-year from it, takes precedence in sympathy.

Over stern conflict and cantankerous sitting, PLUNKET sheds beam of genial humour. TIM HEALY asks if there could not be lift arranged to Ladies' Gallery. "Too expensive," says PLUNKET. "Too dear, he means," murmurs HOWORTH, who runs DICK TEMPLE close in his devotion to the Ladies. "Why," objects GEORGE CAMPBELL, whose eye nothing escapes, "there is already a lift for coal. Why not substitute Ladies for coal?"

"You see," said PLUNKET, smilingly, "we cannot do either without coal or without Ladies, and it is difficult to combine them in a lift."

GEORGE CAMPBELL not sure. When he has time to withdraw his thoughts from Central Asia, will look into the matter.

Business done.—In Committee on Compensation Bill. Ministerial majority reduced to 29.

Thursday.—"I really can't do it," said MACLURE. "Oh, you must," said CHAPLIN; "hard work, I know, but put on a spurt and there you are."

"Wish I *was* there," said MACLURE, mopping his forehead. "All very well for slim young thing like you; but seventeen stun isn't the form for a short spin, especially with these confounded steps." Scene—passage by Cloak-room into House of Commons; time 5·19 P.M.; bell ringing furiously; Division imminent; PENROSE FITZGERALD with jacket shorter than ever, trousers turned up with a grace that maddens with envy. BOBBY SPENCER and LEWISHAM, on watch at top of staircase.

On Outpost Duty.

"Come along!" he shouts; "dividing on First Clause of Compensation Bill; SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE sprung a mine on us; got all their men here; ours down at Ascot; wouldn't be you for a quarter's salary, CHAPLIN. Hurry up! hurry up! Put your best leg forward, MACLURE!"

"That's all very well," said MACLURE, testily; "but which is my best leg?"

The two heavy-weights pounded gallantly along; been to Ascot; thought they'd be back in plenty of time for Division; and here's Division-bell at its last shake. HARTINGTON come up with them; striding ahead; wins easily; CHAPLIN reaches door of House just as it is closing; with tremendous effort, MACLURE pulls himself together; throws himself on doorway; nothing could stand rush like

that; door bursts open; Maclure and Compensation Bill saved. A very close shave. When Division taken, 228 vote for Government, 224 against; majority Four—the four who raced up the staircase hot from Ascot.

Crowded House in wild excitement. Sage of Queen Anne's Gate consumed in bitterness of spirit. "If we'd divided half an hour ago we should have had majority of 25; a quarter of an hour ago, ten minutes ago, five minutes ago, sixty seconds earlier, we'd have won. But those Irish Shylocks must have their pound of verbosity. Couldn't resist temptation of putting an extra question, even for certainty of defeating Government. When they're once started on subject of shadowing, they go off by the hour."

"Well, never mind," said Gorst; "you know it isn't the first time in history that men have sacrificed the substance for the shadow."

Business done.—The Government's—very nearly.

Friday.—Home Secretary in the Dock; Sir William Harcourt, Q.C., instructed by Mr. Henry Fowler (Messrs. Corser, Fowler, & Langley, Wolverhampton), prosecuted. Prisoner, who was accommodated with a seat, conducted his own defence. After long consultation, Jury could not agree, and were discharged without a verdict.

Business done.—Metropolitan Police Vote agreed to.

THE OPERA-GOER'S DIARY.

Monday.—Carmen. Zélie is the accepted *Carmen* this season—no better; and Maggie Macintyre as *Michaela*, which, being an awkward name to pronounce, might be abbreviated to *Mickie*. Dan Drady the Dramatic, excellent as *Escamillo*. One singer in a season plays many parts, and one part is played by several singers. How would a theatre succeed conducted on this plan, so that the same play should be produced on certain nights with a different cast? Here is Dan Drady, for example; he plays *Escamillo*, tragi-comedy, one night; another time he is the noble *San Bris* in *Les Huguenots;* another, he is *Figaro* the loquacious *Barber of Seville;* another, he is the devil-may-care gallant *Don Giovanni;* and, though best in serious parts, he is good in all of them. On other occasions, when *Carmen* is given, the cast will be changed; some other singer will represent *Escamillo*, or someone will replace Maggie as *Mickie;* Ravelli the Reliable will have been *Don José* once, and then Montariol or Ybos (why Boss? Can't yet make this out), or even Jean de Reszké may represent the nincompoop soldier. Suppose *A Pair of Spectacles*, with a change of cast, Mr. Hare out of it occasionally, and Mr. . . . Ah! there's the difficulty, Mr. Who, taking his part. Imagine *Faust* without Irving as *Mephistopheles*. What a big Company it would require! No; better leave well alone.

Tuesday.—Faust. Always a safe draw. Same cast as before. Worth noting, that Gounod has given *Wagner* very little to do in this Opera, and that little not of his best. Evidently Gounod does not possess a strong sense of humour, or he wouldn't have lost such a chance as this. In the Kermesse Scene *Wagner* should have commenced one of his own Wagnerian strains, in the Wagnerian style, and been immediately stopped by the student's applause.

Wednesday.—Le Nozze di Figaro. Always charming. Should like to see examination paper on the plot of *Le Nozze*, questions to be answered without any reference to book.

1. Give succinct and clear account of the plot.
2. What connection with plot have *Figaro's* father and mother?
3. What social position among the Count's guests are the ladies of the ballet supposed to hold?
4. Having stated this, account for their costumes.
5. Why does Mlle. Palladino, the chief dancing guest, take no sort of notice of *Il Conte* and *La Contessa?* Are they not on speaking terms? If not, why not?
6. Why is *Don Bartolo* always made up and costumed as a superior Pantaloon?

Delighted again to see Ella Russell as *Susanna*. To think that only the other evening she was the graceful and stately *Queen Marguerite* in *Les Huguenots*, and now she is a *soubrette très piquante*. There are other pages in Madame Scalchi's history—the page in the *Huguenots*, for example, and his twin brother in *Lucrezia Borgia*—which like me more than her *Cherubino*. Vocally Dan Drady the Dramatic is all right; but he is too severe for *Figaro* the barber. Good house considering it is Ascot week, and on this night when such sad rumours are in the air, everyone sincerely delighted at seeing the Marchioness of Lorne in the Royal Box.

Thursday.—Cup Day, Ascot. *Roméo et Juliette.* Most appropriate: *Juliette* takes the Cup.

Friday, Don Giovanni; and *Saturday, Lucia.* This deponent sings, "Not there, not there, my child!" "Eye hath not seen,"—I mean, "*I* have not seen" these two on these two particular occasions; but I believe that, in consequence of my absence, the Opera went on as usual, and Deuriolanus did not have to come before the Curtain and make an apology.

IN THE KNOW.

(*By Mr. Punch's Own Prophet.*)

The crass and pernicious dulness of some people exceeds belief. There exists at the office of this paper a *person*—he is absolutely unworthy of any other designation—who presumed last week to abstain from inserting in these columns the article to which the sporting millions of his fellow countrymen were looking for information with reference to the Ascot doings. I have no doubt whatever that *he himself used the hints* which that article contained, for I have since seen him in a brand-new hat and a gold watch-chain, the result of his ill-gotten gains. For my own sake I am forced to explain this sinister business, lest the preposterous suet-headed Mr. J. should triumph, and my readers should suppose for a moment that I would willingly disappoint them. I have kept a copy of what I wrote, and I here transcribe some of it in self-defence.

"With regard to the Royal Hunt Cup," I observed, "only a bat-eyed bargee, with the brains of a molluscous monkey, could fail to see the merits of *Morion*. *Morion*, it is well known, is an open helmet, but it doesn't follow from that that the Hunt Cup is an open event. Far from it. Visor, or no visor, those who elect to stand on *Morion*, need anticipate no trouble from anything else, for *Morion* is as certain to win the race as Mr. J. is to make a green-gooseberry fool of himself before another week is out." There was accuracy. No silly beating about the bush, but a straightforward piece of information, which not even the great band of boozy Bedlamites and buffoons who dance attendance on Mr. J. could have mistaken. But, as I said, no blame attaches to me in the matter.

Now then with regard to the Gold Cup. I said: "In the Gold Cup the old adage holds, *Medio tutissimus ibis*. The Ibis, I may mention, though he was an Egyptian bird, cannot be termed a flyer. However, take the three words *The Gold Cup*, select the middle word, open your mouth, bung up the eyes of anyone who impedes you, and wire to your Commissioner." The middle word was "Gold," and *Gold*, of course, won the Cup that was of, *or* belonging to him. Ask Prince Soltykoff if am right or wrong. And for the rest, if any fuddling, bolus-brained, bran-faced, turnip-tongued, hippopotamus-headed moon-calf doubts my word, let him remember that there are pistols for two—*and coffee for one*, in Belgium, and let him tremble.

THE WAY WE SHALL LIVE SOON.

(*From the Diary of the Automatically Conducted.*)

7 A.M.—Turned out of automatically constructed bed and deposited on the floor. Am picked up and hurled into an automatic dressing, washing, and shaving chair, after which, being dressed by self-acting machinery, descend by switchback lift to dining-room, where I am fed by an "automatic private breakfast supplier" while listening to last night's speeches in the House, and the latest gossip, furnished by one of the "*Phonographic Association's Parliamentary and Social Scandal Machines.*"

10 A.M.—Take automatic horse exercise, and am thrown twice, being picked up each time automatically by a self-registering and revolving automatic policeman.

Noon.—Attend the marriage of a favourite niece, assisting at the subsequent social entertainment which is supplied to the assembled guests on the platform of a West-End terminus from one of the "Twopenny Wedding Breakfast Company's Automatic Machines," the Bridegroom at the same time presenting the Bridesmaids with a handsome Penny Piece of Jewellery from a similar source.

4 P.M.—Hair cut automatically, but, owing to some want of nice adjustment in the machinery, having managed to get ears clipped smartly at the same time, put penny into slot and consult an automatic pillar-post. Eventually get my head (and my hat too, by mistake) strapped up by patent automatic binder in the ward of an automatically conducted Hospital.

8 P.M.—Dine automatically with automatic halfpenny appetite, listening to Phonographic Italian Opera at one of Metropolitan District Underground Stations.

10 P.M.—Dragged up-stairs mechanically by switch-back lift, and have my boots pulled off by machinery, being automatically flung into a hot bath, turned out, scrubbed, lifted out, dried by a revolving towel, and eventually thrown into bed and tucked up, and finally sent to sleep by Phonograph repeating good things said by funny man at previous day's evening-party.

The Monro Doctrine (*not to be adopted by Sir Edward Bradford*). That the control of the legislative proposals of the Government should be "a question of police."

INFELICITOUS QUOTATIONS.

Jones (after a delightful Waltz). "And now, Miss Brown, let us go and seek some 'Refreshment for Man and Beast!'"

"GIVEN AWAY WITH A POUND OF TEA!"

A Song of (Imperial) Shop.

Oh, nice little, plump little German boy,
Approaching the Counter of B. & Co.,
You never, most probably, hoped to enjoy
In the way of business—a way *you* know—
An opportunity half so good
For doing a smart little stroke of trade.
Bull's Shopman, you see, is in generous mood,
As "wonderful bargains" his wares are arrayed,
And treasures,—no wonder you jump with glee!
Are "Given away with a Pound of Tea!"

Do ut des! That's the motto, of course,
The motto of Shop in the Fatherland;
It was laid down by Otto with lucid force,
And Caprivi its bearings doth understand.
But the man at the Counter of John Bull's Stores,
The drift of the doctrine seems hardly to grasp;
So his Teuton customer collars and scores.
He's stolid and 'cute, or he'd stare and gasp
To see the possessions of Mr. John B.
"Given away with a Pound of Tea!"

Pays for 'em? Humph! With a Zanzibar cheque;
Like a "Bank of Elegance" counterfeit note,
Or a draft on oneself; worth a penny a peck.
Such paper as this on the market to float!
Giving you what is yours, or at least is not his,
In exchange for whatever he happens to want,
Is what slangy Sportsmen call "very good biz,"
For *him*, though for you, Bull, it looks like a "plant."
Have you any more goods, Bull, you'd like to see
"Given away with a Pound of Tea?"

Kilima Njara, no doubt, was a boon,
To the innocent butterfly-hunting boy.
(Who sups with the—Teuton, should have a long spoon,
For his appetite's eager and dainties don't cloy.)
The Hinterland comes in most handy, no doubt,
And then that nice bonus of Heligoland!
Ah, truly, the Teuton knows what he's about.
But Shopman Salisbury, why should he stand
And advertise goods of his master J. B.
As "Given away with a Pound of Tea?"

What's the next article? Pray, do not shrink [boy;
From "giving a name to it," small German
The Shopman so smiles, one might verily think [he'll enjoy.
That "parting's" *not* "sorrow," but what
"Surrender," and "Scuttle," and all the bad terms
Once hurled at "the Shirkers" to roost now return.
Where is the last Jingo? One fancies he squirms [Jingos spurn,
And invokes Ashmead-Bartlett. Could he
Do worse—the old Shopman, false W.G.—
Than cry, "Given away with a Pound of Tea?"

Though a bargain's a bargain, and not a bad stroke
When a little good-nature secures a firm friend,
Reciprocity all on one side's a poor joke,
And a bargain that's bad is a bargain to mend.
That German is not yet gone out of the shop,
Recall him a moment—to look at that cheque!
It may not be one that a banker would stop,
But is it "Good Value"? This rede you may reck,
Mr. Shopman, *sans* shame. 'Tis pure fiddle-dedee [Tea!
To give *too* much away with your Pound of

HARROW OR HANOVER?

From an all-too-brief correspondence in the *P. M. G.*, we learn that Mr. John Addington Symonds is very angry with Mr. Frank Harris for a statement appearing in a *Fortnightly Review* article of his, that he "went to Hanover at the age of thirteen." Mr. Symonds explains that it was to Harrow that he went at that period of his life, and that he has never been to Hanover at all—which, no doubt, is a matter of great importance to mankind in general. He complains, moreover, that his essay is "villanously ill-edited." Surely this is what *Polonius* would call "an ill-phrase," and suggests a doubt whether Mr. Symonds cultivated much at Harrow those "ingenuous arts," the study of which "softens the manners and does not permit them to be brutal." Perhaps it is not even now too late for him to pick them up. He might try Hanover.

"GIVEN AWAY WITH A POUND OF TEA!!!"

THE LADIES' YEAR.

[*Miss Margaret Alford (of Girton) Niece of scholarly Dean Alford, is announced in one of the four "Senior Classics" at Cambridge.*]

"A DREAM of Fair Women"—who shine in the Schools,
The Muse should essay ere her ardour quite cools.
Come, bards, take your lyres and most carefully tune 'em,
For Girton in glory now pairs off with Newnham.
Miss FAWCETT the latter with victory wreathed,
And now, ere the males from their marvel are breathed,
Miss MARGARET ALFORD, the niece of the Dean,
As a Classical First for the former is seen.
Let Girton toast Newnham, and Newnham pledge Girton,
And—let male competitors put a brisk "spurt" on,
Lest when modern Minerva adds learning to grace,
Young Apollo should find himself out of the race!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"*The Gentle Art of making Enemies, as pleasantly exemplified in many instances,*" &c., &c. (for full title see the book itself) is, whatever "*Messieurs les Ennemis*" may think of it, a work of rare humour. Of course you must first of all be interested in King JAMES and his subjects, — his principal subject being himself, (and lucky the man who can *command himself*) —and you must wish to know the story of his rights and wrongs; then this interest and desire being taken for granted, the book of the butterfly is a thing of beauty and a joy for now and ever. The heads are epigrammatic and the tails sprightly, and both eminently characteristic, for the heads tell their own tales, and the tails in tadpolian scheme are the outcome of the heads. Most of the waggery is in these tailpieces, which, one and all of them, represent the real Whistlerian spirit, "the Familiar" of ETCHER JAMES, that is the Demoniacal Butterfly "in various aspics," as MRS. MALAPROP might say. Does the Butterfly's Master address "*Messieurs les Ennemis*," the Familiar Spirit is all politeness, with head down and wings outstretched saluting before coming to "on guard." Does Master "rid himself of the friendship of the many?"—the little Demon shakes a reef out of his tail and flies upwards, to return after a short flight of fancy. On occasions when Master has been reflecting comically and satirically on some of his attackers, or on his detractors, the volatile Imp literally shakes his sides with uncontrollable laughter, and can't stand upright for very mirth. The famous "Ten o'clock" which has been immortalised by *Mr. Punch* as the "Ten-and-sixpenny o'clock," in consequence of the tickets being half-a-guinea apiece, is here reprinted. PROSPERO WHISTLER packs up his bag of tricks, buries his wand, makes his bow with a little speech at a testimonial dinner given to him by his friends, and the Familiar Demon Butterfly, free at last, darts into space, leaves "Finis" below,—then, you turn over the page, all is blank,—Magician and Familiar have vanished!

The Mephistophelian Whistlerian Butterfly "On the Pounce" at Antwerp.

DAVID STOTT, not of Oldham, but of Oxford Street, publishes dainty little pocket volumes, and here is one yclept *Essays or Counsels of Francis Bacon*. "Put it in the bag!" says the Baron, "and let it be my travelling companion, so that, whenever I want refreshment I may feed on BACON, that many-sided philosopher." It is a wonderfully handy volume, tastefully and substantially bound, and its type of the very clearest. Much-occupied men, who can only snatch here a moment and there a moment for reading, ought to be grateful to the inventors and the publishers of all handy books, meaning, says the Baron, books which are really handy, and which, without destroying the natural elegance of your figure or the set of your garments, you can carry comfortably and imperceptibly in your tail coat pocket.

Notes from the News. By JAMES PAYN. (CHATTO AND WINDUS.) Notes on passing events of all sorts, spiced with capital stories, which will indeed be a big capital to be drawn upon by the dining-out *raconteur*,—the only thing against his present success being that most persons will have read these stories in *The Illustrated London News* or in this volume. It is a book for the weary work-all-day man to dip into, and to come out of it again refreshed. When in doubt as to what light reading to take up, the Baron advises, "Take PAYN's."

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

P.S.—My faithful "Co." has been revelling in the Summer Holiday Number of *All The Year Round*, which consists of a complete story entitled, *A Mist of Error*, by MARY ANGELA DICKENS. The authoress is the granddaughter of the great novelist, and the daughter of his son, the most popular of editors, and the best of good fellows. My "Co." reports, that the novelette is full of promise, and is a proof that literary genius is hereditary. Interesting from the first page to the last, *A Mist of Error*, in spite of its title, is never suggestive of a fog.—My faithful "Co." is also delighted with *Men of the Time Birthday Book*, compiled by Mr. J. F. BOYES, F.S.A.—a charming little Volume that everyone will be proud to possess. He prophesies that it will be one of the most popular of Birthday Books, and congratulates its compiler on the production of a work of distinct historical value.

A GREAT GUNN.

[GUNN, the great Notts' Batsman, playing for the Players of England against the Australians at Lords, on June 19 and 20, made 228 runs, the highest individual score ever made in this country against the Australians.]

SUCH calm, graceful batting, of funk as defiant,
As proof against flurry, deserved the crowd's roar.
'Twas Cricket, indeed, when the Nottingham Giant,
Against the best batting, piled up that huge score;
And the crowd as they watched him smite, play, block, or run,
Could grasp the full meaning of "Sure as a GUNN!"

ROBERT AT THE LEATHERSELLERS'.

WE had been so preshus busy at "the Grand Hotel" lately, that I hadn't seen werry much of my deer old Citty, but larst week I was arsked for to go and offishyate there at the jolly Leathersellers Company's Grand Dinner, as they was about to have a very distangy Party including one of our most sellybrated Hartist's, who's that poplar that ewerybody calls him 'ARRY instead of 'ENERY, as must in course have been the name as his godmothers and godfathers gav him when he was quite young and had his fust taste of a cold Bath, and most probberbly didn't like it.

So I went accordingly, and a werry scrumpshus Bankwet they had, includin them trewly Royal luxeries '80 Shampane and '47 Port! Ah! what a thing it must be to be a Royal or a Nobel persson, and to live on all the Fat of the Land, and wash it all down with nothink yunger than '80 shampain and '47 Port! And no matter where you gos, or weather it's to lay down a Fust Stone, or to Hopen a Hexibishun, or to take a Chair at a nobel Charity Dinner, there it is all reddy for you, and a hole crowd of People a watching you a eating and a drinking of 'em, and a thanking you artily for taking the trubble of doing so! Ah! I sumtimes werrily beleeves as that my nateral tastes tells me as I was horiginally hintended for sum such useful life myself!

Well, arter the Bankwet of course we had all the reglar gushing speeches, and werry bewtifool but rather lengthy they was, but presently a sumthink appened as more estonished me praps than anythink as has appened to me for some time past.

The hartistick and poplar Gent as ewerybody calls ARRY FURNACE was called upon to return thanks for Hart, when to my intense estonishment, and ewerybody else's emusement, he acshally said as how as his frend "ROBERT," seeing how garstly pale he turned when he was told wot he wood have to do, had writ down for him 6 lines of most bewtifool Poetry, which he at wunce proceeded to recite, and sat down amid enthusiastick cheers and shouts of larfter! Seeing my look of puzzled surprise, he kindly turned round to me and said, "Look here, ROBERT, as I've rather taken a libberty with your honnerd name, I'll repay you by taking another with your well-known features," and borrowing a bewtifool pencil of me, that I had bort the day before for a penny, he acshally sketched three likenesses of me in his Book of the Songs, and giving it to me, said, with his merry laugh, "There, I hope that will console you for my bit of harmless fun;" and from what I was offered for my three sketches when I showed 'em about, after he was gone, I thinks, that upon the whole, I got a werry good share of the larf on my own side of the mouth.

ROBERT.

TRYING POSITION OF AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN.

He determines to try the Automatic Photographing Machine, the Station being empty. To his dismay a Crowd has gathered, and watches the Operation.

AN IDEAL INTERVIEWER.

Scene—*Den of latest Lion.*

Latest Lion (*perusing card with no visible signs of gratification.*) Confound it! don't remember telling the Editor of *Park Lane* I'd let myself be interviewed. Suppose I must have, though. (*Aloud to* Servant, *who is waiting.*) You can show the Gentleman up.

Servant (*returning*). Mr. Walsingham Jermyn!

[*A youthful Gentleman is shown in; he wears a pink-striped shirt-front, an enormous button-hole, and a woolly frock-coat, and is altogether most expensively and fashionably attired, which, however, does not prevent him from appearing somewhat out of countenance after taking a seat.*

The L. L. (*encouragingly*). I presume, Mr. Jermyn, you're here to ask me some questions about the future of the British East African Company, and the duty of the Government in the matter?

Mr. Jermyn (*gratefully*). Er—yes, that's what I've come about, don't you know—that sort of thing. Fact is (*with a burst of confidence*), this isn't exactly my line—I've been rather let in for this. You see, I've not been by way of doin' this long—but what's a fellow to do when he's stony-broke? Got to do *somethin'*, don't you know. So I thought I'd go in for journalism—I don't mean the drudgery of it, leader-writin' and that—but the light part of it, *Society*, you know. But the other day, man who does the interviews for *Park Lane* (that's the paper I'm on) jacked up all of a sudden, and my Editor said I'd better take on his work for a bit, and see what I made of it. I wasn't particular. You see, I've always been rather a dead hand at drawin' fellows out, leadin' them on, you know, and all that, so I knew it would come easy enough to me, for all you've got to do is to sit tight and let the other chap—I mean to say, the man you're interviewin'—do all the talking, while you—I mean to say, myself—keep, keeps—hullo, I'm getting my grammar a bit mixed; however, it don't signify—*I* keep quiet and use my eyes and ears like blazes. Talking of grammar, I thought when I first started that I should get in a regular hat over the grammar, and the spellin', and that—*you* write, don't you, when you're not travellin'? So you know what a grind it is to spell right. But I soon found they kept a Johnny at the office with nothing to do but put all your mistakes right for you, so, soon as I knew that, I went ahead gaily.

The L. L. Exactly, and now, perhaps, you will let me know what particular information you require?

Mr. J. Oh, *you* know the sort of thing the public likes—they'll want to know what sort of diggings you've got, how you dress when you're at home, and all that, how you write your books, now—you do write books, don't you? Thought so. Well, that's what the public likes. You see, your name's a good deal up just now—no humbug, it *is* though! Between ourselves, you know, I think the whole business is the balliest kind of rot, but they've got to have it, so there you are, don't you see. I don't pretend to be a well-read sort of fellow, never was particularly fond of readin' and that; no time for it, and besides, I've always said *Books* don't teach you knowledge of the world. I know the world fairly well—but I didn't learn it from books—ah, you agree with me there—*you* know what skittles all that talk is about education and that. Well, as I was sayin', I don't read much, I see the *Field* every week, and a clinkin' good paper it is, tells you everythin' worth knowin', and I read the *Pink Un*, too. Do you know any of the fellows on it? Man I know is a great friend of one of them, he's going to introduce me some day, I like knowin' literary chaps, don't you? You've been about a good deal, haven't you? I expect you must have seen a lot, travellin' as you do. I've done a little travellin' myself, been to Monte Carlo, you know, and the Channel Islands—*you* ever been to the Channel Islands? Oh, you ought to go, it's a very cheery place. Talkin' of Monte Carlo, I had a rattlin' good time at the tables there; took out a hundred quid, determined I would have a downright good flutter, and Jove! I made that hundred last me over five days, and came away in nothing but my lawn-tennis flannels. That's what I *call* a flutter, don't you know! Er—beastly weather we're havin'! You have pretty good weather where you've been? A young brother of mine has been out for a year in Texas—he said *he*'d very good weather—of course that's some way off where *you*'ve come from—Central Africa, isn't it? Talkin' of my brother, what do you think the young ass did?—went out there with a thousand pounds, and paid it all down to some sportsmen who took him to see some stock they said belonged to them—of course he found out after they'd off'd it that they didn't own a white mouse among 'em! But then, Dick's one of those chaps, you know, that think themselves so uncommon knowing, they *can't* be had. I always told him he'd be taken in someday if he let his tongue wag so much—too fond of hearing himself talk, don't you know, great mistake for a young fellow; sure to say somethin' you'd better have let alone. I suppose you're getting rather sick of all these banquets, receptions, and that? They do you very well, certainly. I went to one of these Company dinners some time ago, and they did me as well as I've ever been done in my life, but when you've got to sit still afterwards and listen to some chap who's been somewhere and done somethin' jawin' about it by the hour together without a check, why, it's not *good* enough, I'm hanged if it is! Well, I'm afraid I can't stay any longer—my time's valuable now, don't you know. I daresay yours is, too. I'm awfully glad to have had a chat with you, and all that. I expect you could tell me a lot more interestin' things, only of course you've got to keep the best of 'em to put in your book—you *are* writin' a book or somethin', ain't you? Such heaps of fellows are writin' books nowadays, the wonder is how any of 'em get read. I shall try and get a look at yours, though, if I come across it anywhere; hope you'll put some amusin' things in,—nigger stories and that, don't make it too bally scientific, you know. Directly I get back, I shall sit down, slick off, and write out all you've told me. I shan't want any notes, I can carry it all in my head, and of course I shan't put in anything you'd rather I didn't, don't you know.

The L. L. (*solemnly*). Mr. Jermyn, I place implicit confidence in your discretion. I have no doubt whatever that your head, Sir, is more than capable of containing such remarks as I have found it necessary to make in the course of our interview. I like your system of extracting information, Sir, very much. Good morning.

Mr. Jermyn (*outside*). Nice pleasant-spoken fellow—trifle long-winded, though! Gad, I was so busy listenin' I forgot to notice what his rooms were like or anythin'! How would it do to go back? No, too much of a grind. Daresay I can manage to fox up somethin'. I shall tell the Chief what he said about my system. Chief don't quite know what I *can* do yet—this will open his eyes a bit.

[*And it does.*

The Hare Apparent.—I forgot to record last week that Saturday, the 14th, was the hundredth night of the *Pair of Spectacles*, and the silver wedding of Mr. Hare's stage career. The occasion was celebrated at the Garrick with a supper given by Mr. Hare to old friends and comrades. It was an illustration of "*The Hare and many Friends*," only it wasn't a fable—it was a fact. As closely associated with Hare at various dinner-tables, I beg to sign myself,

Currente Jelli Calamo.

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